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ing women I am willing to had?"

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trouble public so you may this letter." - Mas.

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the great question of the nourishing

and strengthening qualities of different foods, it is certain that their advice is

Professor Fisher found in his ex-

periments for testing the strength and

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ance of the non-meat eaters were

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W. E. CARNAHAN, "

"I shall never set foot in Blankington's store again, declared Mrs Wedderburn in such a tone of flerce determination that Wedderburn looked Hardware, arm Impliments, Farm up from his evening paper in sur-Machinery, Wagons, Buggies, Lime

> "I was actually insulted there tharry she went on. "I had intended to ark you to start an account at Blankington's, but after the treatment I received there to-day I shall certainly not patronize that firm any more

"I don't beli ve we need any more Agents for the arm Department of charge accounts," said Wedderburn, the Home Insurance Co., of N. Y. eastly "But I'm surprised that you should have met with any discourtesy at Blankington's What happened any way?

> "Well, when I went down tewn this morning I thought I'd just take a five dollar bill with me. I knew that would be plenty for the few tittle purchases I intended making and for Beulah Russell's and my luncheon. I teephoned Beulah to meet me at Blankington's and lunch with me and, do you know, she simply insisted on pay ing the bill. She said it was her turn. and all that sort of things, so, of course. I had to let her pay

"I was kind of glad afterward, for I saw a splendid sale of lingerte blouses for only two dollars apiece, and it was nice to know I had plenty of money in my pocket to buy one and the other things I wanted, too.

"I selected a perfect beauty and knew you'd be awfully pleased with it because it buttoned in front, Harry told the saleswoman to send it and then we looked around at all the other walsts and I didn't see any I liked better than mine, and, after quite awhite I went to the girl who had waited on me and asked her if my change hadn't come yet

'Change!' she repeated. 'There isn't any change. You gave me the right amount-a two-dollar bill." "'I couldn't have done that,' I said

for I didn't have a two-dollar bill with me. I had just one five-dollar bill "She called the manager of the de partment and we both told him of the error. I was careful not to say any thing critical about the saleswoman's carelessness, for I know everybody is liable to make mistakes. The manager went down to the cashier and, after I had waited until I was getting tired. he came back and said there had been no five-dollar bill paid into that de partment for some time before I had bought my waist.

"Then you doubt my word?" I said " 'No, madam,' be replied, 'but it is possible that you paid a two-dollar bill without noticing it."

"How could I,' I asked, when I had only a five-dollar bill with me?" 'Are you quite sure that you had

no two-dollar bill? he returned. "Don't you think, Harry, it was impertinent of him to question me in that way? Beulah was incensed at his

rudeness, I can tell you. "'I certainly am positive,' I replied. for I remember thinking this morning that I'd take a five-dollar bill for my day's expenses, and as I had but one bill in my purse, that must have been it, for I haven't even seen a twodollar bill for a long time. And I went on, very firmly, 'I wish you would girl.

refund my three dollars at once." "That's just what we can't do. madam,' he declared, 'but if our cash balance to night should show that we owe you three dollars we'll send it to

you to-morrow. "To-morrow!' I repeated, scorn fully. In the meantime I am left with out a cent of money in my purse and am practically accused of trying to has received such wide press and unqualified endorsement. No contributed cheat Blankington's out of three dollars, when the shoe is really on the icine we know of has such a woord of cures of female ills as has ... la E.

other foot. Then I demanded back the money had spent on the blouse, for I knew after all that fuss I should never take any pleasure in it. As I told you at first. Harry, I've decided never to go into that store again."

periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration, and it is "Have you looked for the five-dollar onequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life, it costs but little to try Lydia E. bill since you came home?" Wedderburn asked, stretching an arm toward linkham's Vegetable Compound, and, his wife's desk. as Mrs. Barelay says, it is "worth moun-

"No; why should I, when I know I took it with me this morning?" Wedderburn did not argue the question, but quietly pulled out the little drawer of the desk. There lay a

crisp, green bill. Why, I couldn't have taken it out, after all!" exclaimed Mrs. Wedderburn. "But where did I ever get that two-dollar bill? I can't understand it at all."

"This morning I took a look into your purse, my dear, and, as it was empty, I put in the two-dollar bili, which was all I happened to have with

"Oh, Harry, why didn't you tell me? Just see all the trouble you have made for me! And that was such a beautiful blouse for the money at Blankington's! And now I shall be ashamed to go there and Luy it again!"

The Wrong Kind. "Mayme had a terrible fit yesterday. "Goodness gracious! What caused

"Her dressmaker. Who else do you suppose?"

An Ancient Metal. The use of iron has been traced back to the ninth century B. C., at which period the Egyptians made weapons from meteorites.

vietal shavings and concrete contrate a new paving material.

Making Him Feel at Home

"It was perfectly dreadful!" said the girl with the imitation Irish lace collar, as she straightened the bolts of ribbon on her counter.

"It must 'a' been funny! What was it?" said the girl who was marking the

"I just shrick whenever I think of it!" pursued the girl who was straightening the ribbons. "Him calling me up like that when I hadn't seen him in such a time! You see, I've been keeping steady company now with Mr. Sykes for several weeks, so Art and me haven't seen much of each other."

"I think Art is better looking than James Sykes," interrupted the girl who was marking tags. "He has more "Well, he hasn't got the salary if he

has the style!" said the young woman who was straightening the ribbons. "Not that money makes a particle of difference to me, but there's much more to Mr. Sykes than you'd think. And any one who makes fun of his nose doesn't know what she's talking about, and-"

"I ain't got no grudge against Mr. Sykes' nose," said the girl who was marking tags. 'He can have any kind of a nose he wants and welcome What'd he do?"

"Oh, Mr. Sykes didn't do anything." said the girl who was arranging rib bons. "You see, he generally comes over on Wednesday evening, so when somebody called me on the phone I s'posed it was Mr. Sykes.

'Hello!' he said. 'Going to be home this evening? All right, I'll be

"I had on my blue dress and I got out the chafing dish and the stuff to to make fudge. You wouldn't believe how fond of chocolate fudge Mr. Sykes is! He likes it with nuts in it, and-"So does everybody else," said the other girl, ruthlessly. "He ain't so different from the rest of the world when you come right down to it, even

though you may think so!" "Well, anyhow," pursued the gire with the ribbons, "when I heard the bell ring I ran out part way down the stairs to meet him. He sort of likes to have me act as though he was welcome, you know."

"Huh!" said the other girl. "Why don't you have it woven on a door mat?

"Maybe you think you're funny!" indignantly said the young woman at the ribbon counter. "Just as I made the turn in the stairs I ran right into him. And who do you suppose it was! It was Art!"

"Well," said the other girl, pausing in the operation of marking tags. "what'd you do?"

"If you could 'a' seen his face!" giggied the girl at the ribbons. "Sort o bewildered and scared and uncertain! There was I rushing down the stairs in my eagerness to meet him, as he supposed, and I guess he thought at first I'd been just sitting at home all these months waiting to hear him ring the door bell! Why, I just hung hold ing, and after I started I couldn't stop! I simply shricked! I wish you could 'a' seen him!"

"What'd he do?" asked the other

"He got bold of my shoulder and shook me and wanted to know what on earth was the matter," giggled the girl at the ribbon counter. "And of course I couldn't tell him that I wasn't expecting him. He kept asking what was so funny, and whenever he did I'd start to laughing again. When he saw the things out for the fudge it sort of proved that I did expect him. but then he'd get doubtful again

"'Lizzie,' says he, finally, after figuring it all out. I bet you thought I was someone else!" "'Why Art!' I cried, just as mourn

ful as I "could, 'didn't you telephone you were coming?" And then I got to laughing again. "He's bright, Art is. 'But I forgot

to say who I was,' he insisted "Then I told him that I'd know his voice among a thousand and he told me I was just as much of a joiller as

ever, and most of the fudge boiled overs and it was just like old times. Art got real cheerful until I took some of the fudge and put it away because I wanted to save it for Mr Sykes told him I was saving it for father

'Father be blowed!' Art said then. Your father'd rather have some fine cut any day than chocolate fudge' You're stringing me, Lizzie-you've got some one else up your sleeve!" "I thought I might as we'l make I

good job of it, so I told him so'e an like that there wasn't another man on earth but himself, honest!" "Did he believe you?" inquired the

irl who was marking tags. I think he had his doubts," gaggled the girl who had finished assorting the

ribbons. "But he is coming to see me agen to-night."

Heraldry.

According to the highest authorities, beraldry finds its starting point in the totemism of prehistoric man. In the barbaric custom of painting or carving the totem on oars, the bows and sides of canoes, weapons, pillars in front of houses, etc., and in tatooing it on the various parts of the body. as we have the real origin of the insignia that are so precious to the apper-tension of to-day. It was in the gnorant superstition of the savage that he sprang from a crane or a bear or some other animal that the various "coats of arms" of the "big families" of the present time found their inceptien.-New York American

ENTIRELY IMPERSONAL

The young man with the maroon necktle was absentmindedly thoughtful amid the idle chatter. Suddenly he spoke.

"It's queer how time changes a fellow," he said. "I've noticed it in lots of my friends. They change their ideas, you know. I've noticed that if they don't get married ridiculously early they generally wait till it is ridiculously late."

"What a great truth!" cried the young man with the gray tie. "If it isn't dark it is sure to be light! Even "Let him alone!" ordered the

bostess. "But why matrimony?" she inquired of the young man with the maroon tie. "We were talking of golf, you know!" "Were we?" asked the absentminded

one. "I don't believe a man really falls in love after he is 30, say Do you? Lose his head and all that, you know-or be willing to fly to the end of the earth, regardless of his next week's business engagements. He uses sense. And you can't use sense about falling in love!"

'Few people do," observed the hostess. "Look at the individuals they pick out to fall in love with! You aren't doing it, are you, Richard?"

"Of course not," said the young man with the maroon tie, gruffly. "How absurd! I was just speaking generally I observe things, you know. And a fellow doesn't feel sure he's got the right girl unless he does lose his head a bit, does he?"

"Why, I can remember," went on the young man with the maroon tie, when I was 19 or 20 of two love affairs, in both of which I was clean crazy. I was so desperately mad over those girls-at separate times, of course-that life absolutely was not worth living contemplated apart from them! I remember I wanted to die and so avoid the dark and dreary future stretching before me when Evelyn turned me down. And it was actual anguish, too! Now, if I can laugh at anything as real as that just because a few years have intervened, how the dickens could I ever be sure any infatuation I might tumble into now wasn't just as ephemeral?"

"I thought," observed the young man with the maroon tie, "you sale you weren't personally interested in the subject. It begins to look to

"Rubbish!" interrupted the young man with the maroon tie. "It's farthest from my thoughts. I don't know anybody I care particularly about, though I do know some mighty nice girls! You just change, that's all! It becomes a matter of calm judgment and-and-er-all that. You stop to think whether the girl is really suited to you and consider her disposition and tastes, and her mother, and wheth-

er you like her brother. "Now, that destroys all the romance, doesn't it? It makes the whole affair humdrum and casual. There's absolutely nothing spontaneous about it.

'Why, I remember when Evelyn was the light of the world to me I wouldn't have cared if her mother had smoked a pipe or made platform speeches, and as for Evelyn's tasteswell, to this day I know not whether she inclined to Wagner or ragtime, or preferred Shakespeare to Laura Jean Libbey I didn't care-and that's the I would care now. You point. couldn't consider a wife without considering what your friends would think of her. And you want to be sure, too, that you really care!"

"This sounds suspicious," observed the hostess.

"Not at all!" protested the young man with the maroon tie. "Not at all! I just got started on this subject, that's all! No. I don't think I shall ever marry. In the first place, I'm not in love, and I don't think I ever shall be.

"I really can't take such an absorbing interest in any girl nowadays that I miss my meals in my abstraction. And, somehow, I wouldn't die for any of them. Yet I know two or three fascinating girls. I don't think it would be wise to run the chance of making yourself and the girl miserable when you weren't quite sure. Do you think there is anything in this theory of learning to care more after you are married? It doesn't seem rational to me. I suppose the only really happy man is the one who marries Evelyn when he is 20 years old and too young to know better."

"But consider what Evelyn might be when you were 30!" suggested the hostess. "Probably not at all a congenial person or the one you would then pick out!"

"That makes it all the more complicated, doesn't it?" said the young man in the maroon tie, mournfully "A fellow doesn't sand much show anyway you put it. This falling in love is all nonsense, anyway! I'm glad I've kept out of it!"

"See here," said the hostess, "don't you feel blue. She's all right-the right one, I mean. You just go ahead!" "Yes, go on and take the plunge!"

advised the young man with the gray tie. "And meanwhile, tell us her name-among friends, you know!" The young man with the marcon tie

tried to look indignant, but succeeded

only in looking foolishly pleased. "Oh, come now!" he said. "I don't see why you two should think-well. maybe I will have something to tell you soon. That is, I rather hope so.

I-I'm going to see her to-morrow night!"